

# Tom. Brown's LETTER

From the SHADES, to the  
French King in Purgatory.

*Facit indignatio Versum.*

AND wilt thou leave Young *Jemmy* in the lurch?  
A plague confound the Doctors of thy Church.  
And so abandon poor *Italian Molly*,  
That had the firking of thy Bumm with Holly!  
Were I thy Confessor, who am thy Martyr,  
Dost think that I'd allow thee any Quarter,  
No—thou shouldst find what 'tis to be a Starter.  
Lord! with what monstrous Lies, and senseless Shams,  
Have we been cullied all along at *Sams*.  
Who cou'd have e'er believ'd, unless in Spight,  
*Lewis le Grand* wou'd turn rank *Williamite*?  
Thou, that hast look'd so fierce, and talk'd so big,  
In thy Old Age, to dwindle to a *Whig*;  
By Heaven I see thou'rt in thy Heart a Prig.  
I'd not be for a Million in thy Jerkin.  
'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin.  
Hast thou for this spent so much *Ready Rhino*?  
Now, what the plague will become of *Jure Divino*?  
A Change so monstrous I cou'd ne'er have thought,  
Though *Partridge* all his Stars to vouch it, brought,  
Slife I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat.  
Ev'n Oaths with thee, are only things of Course,  
Thou, 'Zoons thou art a Monarch for a Horse.  
Of Kings distress'd thou art a fine Securer,  
Thou make'st me Swear, that am a known *Non-Furor*.  
But tho' I swear thus, as I said before,  
Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score,  
Were *Job* alive and banter'd by such Shufflers,  
He'd out-rail *Oats*, and Curse both thee and *Boufflers*.  
For thee I've lost, if I can rightly scan 'em,  
Two Livings worth full Eightscore Pounds *per Annum*.  
Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne'er did fail,  
And Tyth-Eggs merrily flew in like hail,  
My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cramm'd with Ale.  
The Dice are chang'd, for now, as I'm a sinner,  
The Devil, for me knows where to buy a Dinner.  
I might as soon, tho' I were ne'er so willing,  
Raise a whole Troop of Horse, as one poor Shilling.  
My *Spouse*, alas! must flaunt in Silks no more,  
Pray Heaven for Sustenance she turn not whore;  
And Daughter *Peggy* too, in time I fear,  
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.  
My Friends have basely left me with my place,  
What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my face.  
And frankly my Condition to disclose,  
I most resent the ungratitude of my Nose,  
On which tho' I have spent of Wine such store,  
It now looks paler than my Tavern score.

My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is  
Past its best days, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*.  
My Breeches too this Morning, to my wonder,  
I found grown Schismaticks, and fallen asunder.  
When first I came to Town with Household-Clog,  
Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for prog.  
The Ancient Fathers next in whom I boasted,  
Were soon exchang'd for primitive Boil'd and Roasted:  
Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,  
I truck'd St. *Austin* for a Leg of Mutton.  
Old *Jerom's* Volumes next I made a Rape on,  
And melted down that Father for a Capon.  
When these were gone, my Bowels not to balk,  
I trespass'd most *enormously* in Chalk.  
But long I had not quarter'd upon tick,  
E'er Christian Faith, I found grew monstrous sick:  
And now, alas! when my *Barv'd Entrails* croke,  
At *Partner How's* I Dine and Sup on Smoke.  
In fine, the Government may do its Will,  
But I'm afraid my Guts will grumble still.  
*Dennis of Sicily*, as Books relate Sir,  
When he was tumbled from the Regal State Sir,  
(Which by the by I hope will be your Fate Sir,)  
And his good Subjects left him in the lurch,  
Turn'd Pedagogue, and Tyranniz'd in Birch:  
Tho' thus the Spark was taken a Peg lower,  
Some feeble signs of his old State he bore,  
And Reign'd o'er Boys that Govern'd Men before.  
For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is,  
Since thou'ast spoil'd my Prayers, now hear my Curses.  
May thy Affairs (for so I wish by Heavens)  
All the World o'er at Sixes ly and Sevens.  
May *Maintenon*, tho' thou so long hast kept her;  
With Brand-Venereal finge thy Royal Scepter.  
May all the Poets, that thy Fame have flatter'd,  
Un-god thee now, and Damn what once they flatter'd.  
The Pope, and Thou, be never Cater C. duns,  
And *Fistulas* thy Arse-hole seize by Doze is.  
Thus far in jest; but now, to pin the basket,  
May'st thou to *England* come of *Force* I ask it.  
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,  
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop.  
Turn Puny Barber there, bleed lousy *Carmen*,  
Cut Corns for Chimney Sweepers, and such Vermin;  
Be forc'd to Trim (for such I'm sure thy Fate is,)  
Thy own *Hugonots* and Us *Non-Furors* gratis.  
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen tot,  
And may all *Christian* People say *Amen* to't.